

This after me, I haue writ my name,
Without the helpe of any hand at all.
Curst be that hart that forc't vs to that shift:
Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last,
What God will haue discouered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,
That we may know the Traytors and the truth.

*She takes the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her
stumps and writes.*

Ti. Oh doe ye read my Lord what she hath writs?
Sturpum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what, the lustfull sonnes of Tamora,
Performers of this hainous bloody deed?

Ti. Magni Dominator poli,

Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus vides?

Mar. Oh calme thee gentle Lord: Although I know
There is enough written vpon this earth,
To stirre a mutinie in the mildest thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclaimes.
My Lord kneele downe with me: *Lavinia* kneele,
And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine *Hectors* hope,
And sweare with me, as with the wofull *Peere*
And father of that chaste dishonoured Dame,
Lord *Iunius Brutus* sweare for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will prosecute (by good aduise)
Mortall reuenge vpon these traytorous Gothes,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Ti. This sure enough, and you knew how.
But if you hunt these Beare-welpes, then beware
The Dam will wake, and if she winde you once,
Shee's with the Lyon deeply still in league.
And lulls him whilst she palyeth on her backe,
And when he sleepes will she do what she list.
You are a young huntman *Marcus*, let it alone:
And come, I will goe get a lease of brasse,
And with a Gad of Steele will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde
Will blow these sands like *Sibels* leaues abroad,
And wheres your lesson then. Boy what say you?

Boy. I say my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. I that's my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull country done the like.

Boy. And Vncle so will I, and if I liue.

Ti. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empresse sonnes,
Presents that I intend to send them both,
Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandfire:
Ti. No boy not so, Ile reach thee another course,
Lavinia come, *Marcus* looke to my house,
Lucius and Ile goe braue it at the Court,
I marry will we fit, and wee be waited on. *Exeunt.*

Mar. O heauens! Can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus attend him in his extasie,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Then foe-mens markes vpon his batter'd shield,
But yet so iust, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauens for old *Andronicus*. *Exit.*

*Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one dore; and at another
dore young Lucius and another, with a bundle of
weapons, and verses writ vpon them.*

Chi. *Demetrius* heeres the sonne of *Lucius*,
He hath some message to deliuer vs.

Aron. I some mad message from his mad Grandfather.
Boy. My Lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I grette your honours from *Andronicus*,

And pray the Romaine Gods confound you both.
Deme. Gramercie louely *Lucius*, what's the newes?
For villanie's markt with rape. May it please you,
My Grandfire well aduif'd hath sent by me,
The goodliest weapons of his Armorie,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome, for so he bad me say:
And so I doo, and with his gifts present
Your Lordships, when euer you haue need,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leaue you both: like bloody villaines. *Exit.*

Deme. What's heere? a scrole, & written round about?
Let's see.

Integer vixit scelerisque purus, non egit manij iaculis nec ar-
cibus.

Chi. O 'tis a verse in *Horace*, I know it well.
I read it in the Grammer long agoe.

Moore. I iust a verse in *Horace*: right, you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Ass?
Heer's no sound left, the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick:
But were our witty Empresse well a foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus* conceits:
But let her rest, in her vnrest a while.

And now young Lords, wa's not a happy starre
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more then so;
Captiues, to be aduanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing.

Deme. But me more good, to see so great a Lord
Basely insinuate, and send vs gifts.

Moore. Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*?

Did you not vse his daughter very friendly?

Deme. I would we had a thousand Romaine Dames
At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of loue.

Moore. Heere lack's but you mother for to say, Amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Deme. Come, let vs go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloued mother in her paines.

Moore. Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.
Flourish.

Deme. Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike for ioy the Emper our hath a sonne.

Deme. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Nurse with a blacke & Moore child.

Nur. Good morrow Lords:

O tell me, did you see *Aaron* the Moore?

Aron. Well, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all,

Heere *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?

Nurse. Oh gentle *Aaron*, we are all vndone,

Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.

Aron. Why, what a catterwallowing dost thou keepe?

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?

Nurse. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,

Our Empresse shame, and stately Romes disgrace,

She is deliuered Lords, she is deliuered.

Aron. To whom?

Nurse. I meane she is brought a bed?

Aron. Wel God giue her good rest.

What

What hath he sent her?

Nurse. A deuill.

Aron. Why then she is the Devils Dam: a ioyfull issue.

Nurse. A ioylesse, dismall, blacke & sorrowfull issue,

Heere is the babe as loathsome as a toad,

Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime,

The Empresse sends it thee, thy stampe, thy scale,

And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point.

Aron. Out you whore, is black so base a hue?

Sweet blowse, you are a beauious blossome sure:

Deme. Villaine what hast thou done?

Aron. That which thou canst not vndoe.

Chi. Thou hast vndone our mother.

Deme. And therein hellish dog, thou hast vndone,

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choyce,

Accur't the off-spring of so foule a fiend,

Chi. It shall not liue.

Aron. It shall not die.

Nurse. *Aaron* it must, the mother wils it so.

Aron. What, must it *Nurse*? Then let no man but I

Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Deme. Ile broach the Tadmole on my Rapiers point:

Nurse. giue it me, my sword shall toone dispatch it.

Aron. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels vp.

Stay murderous villaines, will you kill your brother?

Now by the burning Tapers of the skie,

That sh one so brightly when this Boy was got,

He dies vpon my Semitars sharpe point,

That touches this my first borne sonne and heire.

I tell you young-lings, not *Enceladus*

With all his threatening band of *Typhons* broode,

Nor great *Alcides* nor the God of warre,

Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands:

What, what, ye sanguine shallow harted Boyes,

Ye white-limb'd walls, ye Ale-house painted signes,

Cole-blacke is better then another hue,

In that it scornes to beare another hue:

For all the water in the Ocean,

Can neuer turne the Swans blacke legs to white,

Although she laue them hourelly in the flood:

Tell the Empresse from me, I am of age

To keepe mine owne, excuse it how the can.

Deme. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistris thus?

Aron. My mistris is my mistris: this my selfe,

The vigour, and the picture of my youth:

This, before all the world do I preferre,

This mangle all the world will I keepe safe,

Or some of you shall smooke for it in Rome.

Deme. By this our mother is for euer sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foule escape.

Nur. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.

Chi. I blush to thinke vpon this ignominie.

Aron. Why ther's the priuledge your beaury beares:

Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the hart:

Heer's a young Lad fram'd of another leere,

Looke how the blacke slaue smiles vpon the father;

As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne,

He is your brother Lords, sensibly fed

Of that selfe blood that first gaue life to you,

And from that wombe where you imprisoned were

He is enfranchised and come to light:

Nay he is your brother by the surer side,

Although my scale be stamped in his face.

Nurse. *Aaron* what shall I say vnto the Empresse?

Deme. Aduise thee *Aaron*, what is to be done,

And we will all subscribe to thy aduise:

Saue thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aron. Then sit we downe and let vs all consule.

My sonne and I will haue the winde of you:

Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safety.

Deme. How many women saw this childe of his?

Aron. Why so braue Lords, when we ioyne in league

I am a Lambe: but if you braue the Moore,

The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyoness,

The Ocean swells not so at *Aaron* stormes:

But say againe, how many saw the childe?

Nurse. *Cornelia*, the midwife, and my selfe,

And none else but the deliuered Empresse.

Aron. The Empresse, the Midwife, and your selfe,

Two may keepe counsell, when the the third's away:

Goe to the Empresse, tell her this I said, *He kills her*

Weeke, weeke, so cries a Pigge prepared to th' spit.

Deme. What mean'st thou *Aaron*?

Wherefore did'st thou this?

Aron. O Lord sir, 'tis a deed of pollicie:

Shall she liue to betray this guilt of our's?

A long tongu'd babling Gossip? No Lords no:

And now be it knowne to you my full intent.

Not farre, one *Mulitens* my Country-man

His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,

His childe is like to her, faire as you are:

Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold,

And tell them both the circumstance of all,

And how by this their Childe shall be aduanc'd,

And be receiued for the Emperours heyre,

And substituted in the place of mine,

To colme this tempest whirling in the Court,

And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.

Harke ye Lords, ye see I haue giuen her physicke,

And you must needs bestow her funerall,

The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:

This done, see that you take no longer daies

But send the Midwife presently to me.

The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,

Then let the Ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. *Aaron* I see thou wilt not trust the ayre with se

Deme. For this care of *Tamora*, *(crets.)*

Her selfe, and hers are highly bound to thee: *Exeunt.*

Aron. Now to the Gothes, as swift as Swallow flies,

There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,

And secretly to grette the Empresse friends:

Come on you thick-lipt slaue, Ile beare you hence,

For it is you that puts vs to our shifts:

Ile make you feed on berries, and on rootes,

And feed on curds and whay, and sucke the Goate,

And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp

To be a warriour, and command a Campe. *Exit.*

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and as her gentlemen

with bowes, and Titus beares the arrowes with

letters on the end of them.

Ti. Come *Marcus*, come, kinsmen this is the way.

Sir Boy let me see your Archerie,

Looke yee draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:

Terras Astrea reliquit, be you remembered *Marcus*.

She's gone, she's fled, first take you to your tooles,

You Cosens shall goe found the Ocean:

And cast your nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,

Yet ther's as little iustice as at Land:

No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you must doe it,

Tis